A Funerall Poeme vpon the

Death of the learned Diuine Mr. HVGH BROVGHTON, who deceased in *Anno* 1612. *August the* 4. *Interred the* 7.

A Comely Dame in sorrowes garments dreſt,
Where chriſtall ſliding Thame doth gently creepe,
With her ſoft Palme did beate her yuorie Breſt,
And rent her yellow Locks, her Roſey Cheeke
Shee in a flood of brakiſh Teares did ſteepe:
Rachel ſhe ſeemd, old *Iſraels* beautious Wife,
Mourning her Sonnes, whoſe ſiluer cord of life
Was cut by murderous *Herods* fell and bloody Knife.

Betwixt her lilly Hands the Virgin held
Two *Teſtaments*; the one defac'd with ruſt,
Vanquiſht with time, and ouergrowne with eld;
All ſpoyld with careleſſe ſpots, all ſoyld with duſt:
It ſeem'd the ſame, the which *IEHOVAH* iuſt
With his celeſtiall Finger did ingraue,
And on the top of ſmoaking *Sinai* gaue
To him, whom *Pharaohs* Daughter found in watry caue.

The other, ſeeming freſh and fayre yclad
In Veluet couer, filleted with Gold,
White Bullions and Crymſon tyes it had;
The pumiſht Leaues were ſeemely to behould:
That ſpotles Lambe, which trayterous *Iudas* ſould,
With bloody ſoyle, which ſtreamed from his ſide,
Them guilt, when in *Ieruſalem* he di'd,
For to redeeme his Loue, his Doue, his Deare, his Bride.

¶. *Theology*

Theology (for so men cal'd the Mayde,)
Vpon these Volumes cast her moystned eyes:
And who shall now (quoth shee) since *BROVGHTONS* dead,
Find out the Treasure, which within you lyes,
Shaddow'd in High and Heauenly mysteries?
And who shall now (quoth shee) to others tell,
VVhen as the VVorlds great Grandsier *ADAM* fell,
Banisht from flowry *Eden*, where he first did dwell?

VVhat meanes that monstrous Man, which *Babels* King,
Did in a troubled slumber once behold,
Like huge *Goliah*, slayne by *Dauids* Sling;
VVith dreadfull Head, and curled Lockes of Gold:
VVith Brestes and mighty Armes of Siluer mould:
With his swolne Belly, and large Sides of Brasse:
With Iron Legges; with Feete of mingled masse,
One part compos'd of Clay, one part of Iron was?

VVhat meanes the Lion, and the Eagles winges:
The sauage Beare, that in his horrid raw,
Three Ribbes of some deuowred Carkeis bringes:
The Leopard, which wise *Belteshatser* saw,
With dreadfull mouth, and with a murdering paw?
VVhat meanes that horrid hideous hellish Beast,
With iron Teeth, and with his horned Crest?
All these, and thousands moe, by *BROVGHTON* were expresst.

T'was hee, that brancht *MESSIAHS* sacred stem
In curious Knottes, and chayn'd his glorious Race
From princely *Adam* to the noble *Sem*;
So downe to him, that had *Choniahs* place;
And from his Sonnes, to *Mary* full of grace,
A Mother-mayde, a blessed Virgin wife,
The Daughter of her Sonne, which gaue him life,
VVhich did redeeme the World from sinne and Satans strife.

T'was

T'was hee, that grau'd the Names of *Iaakobs* Sonnes
In pretious Iewels vpon *Aarons* Breſt;
In *Sardius*, *Ruben*; which as Water runnes:
Simeon in *Topaz*, baſer then the reſt:
Leui in *Emerauld*, for doctrine beſt:
Iuda in *Carbuncle*, like Heauens eye;
In *Saphir*, *Iſachar*; like th'azur'd Skye:
Sardonix, *Zebulon*; which neere the Sea doth lye:

Dan in the flowry *Hyacinth* is cut:
In *Achat*, *Nepthali*: and war-like *Gadd*
In bloody *Amethyſt*: *Aſher* is put
In *Chryſolite*: the *Beryll*, *Ioſeph* had:
Young *Beniamin* old *Iaakobs* owne ſweet lad
In *Iaſper*: each within his ſeuerall Stone,
Our great *Bezaleel* caru'd; who now is gone,
To prayſe the Lambe, & him, that ſits on Throne.

Yee Sacred *Muſes* that in *Shiloah* ſwimme,
And in celeſtiall Deaw doe dippe your Quills:
The which your *Phebus* mighty *Elohim*,
In ſiluer ſtreaming channels doth diſtill
From top of *Hermon*, and of *Sion* hill:
As you your great Creators prayſe rehearſe,
Ah, lend one broken ſigh, one broken Verſe,
One doleſull Ode, or Hymme, to decke his Sable Hearſe.

And you poore *Iewes*, the iſſue of old *Sem*,
Which did in Hony-flowing *Canaan* dwell,
And ſwayd the Scepter of *Ieruſalem*,
Vntill ſome ſnaky-furie ſent from Hell,
Did you inrage with ſpight, and malice fell,
To put your Life to death: Ah now repent
For murdering your Lord! Ah now lament
His death, that would haue brought you into *Iapheths* tent!

And yee poore ſoules, that couet *Adams* tongue,
Which did remaine in *Hebers* holy line,
When the aſpyring Heauens-ſcaling thronge,
Aboue the bigge ſwolne Cloudes did ſeeke to clime:
(And is there then ſuch pride in earthly ſlime?)
Doe you lament this ſiluer pinniond Swan,
As white as Salmon-ſnow, a happy man,
That ſpake like *Adams*-ſelfe the ſpeach of *Canaan*.

Beſides, the *Greeke* plentious in wordes and ſence:
The *Calde* wiſe, th' *Arabian* profound:
The *Latine* pleaſing with his eloquence:
The brauing *Spaniſh* with her lofty ſound:
The *Tuſcane* graue, with many a lawrell Crowne:
The liſping *French*, which fittes a Ladyes vaine:
The *German*, like the people good and plaine:
The *Engliſh* pure and rich, his natiue Countries ſtraine.

Ah ſcoffing *Iſmaels*, doe not offer wrong
Vnto his quiet vrne: doe not defame
The ſiluer touch of that harmonious Tongue:
Peace durty mouthes; ah hold your peace for ſhame,
Spue not your Gall vpon a dead mans name:
But wake ô north wind, come ô ſouth & blow,
with your Myrh-breathing mouths ſweet odours throw
Into the empty ayre, frõ *BROVGHTONS* Tombe below.

This ſayd, the Virgin vaniſhed away,
And Heauen did put her mourning Mantle on;
Hyſperions Child, the Father of the Day,
That with his blazing blade, full brightly ſhone,
Clothed in ſable his ſtar-glittering throne:
The Clouds frõ their ſwolne eyes ſhed chriſtall ſhowers,
And all for him, that liues in ſiluer Bowers,
And *Halleluiah* ſings with Thrones, & glorious powers.

FINIS. *W. Primroes.*